

METAL Mania

75p

No 5

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STRINGS ATTACHED MORE ON
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- A ONE ROUND EXCLUSIVE!

METAL Mania

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"I've never taken my bass playing SERIOUSLY"



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A CROSS TO BARE



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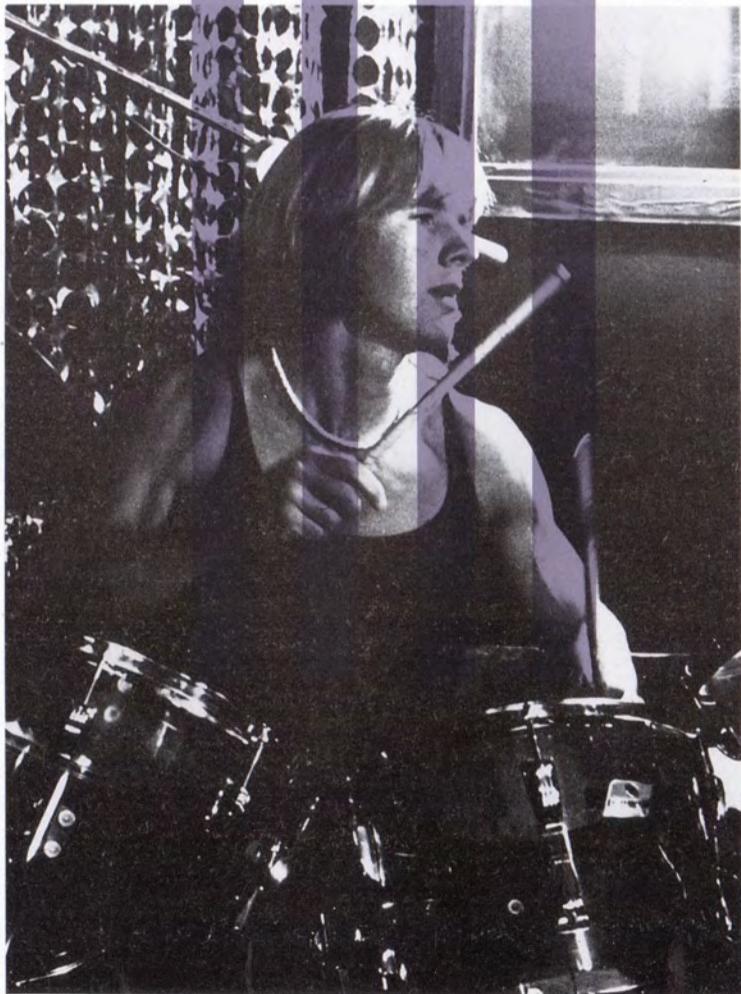
MONMORE MUDLARKING

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ot everyone, it seems, recognises a star when they see one. At the recent Hammersmith Odeon concert by well-known soulstress Tina Turner, none other than David Coverdale was refused entry back-stage by the attendant security staff. After trying in vain for some considerable time to impress upon said minders exactly who he was, Coverdale eventually gave up and stalked off muttering "this sort of thing wouldn't happen at a Whitesnake gig!" (Oh yeah — Ed). However, that wasn't the end of the evening's embarrassments for ole Snakehips. During the show, the man was seen gyrating down the aisles, singing along to Ms Turner's set — only to be told sternly by a serenely seated fan (female, would you believe) to sit down, shut up and stop making a fool of himself! What would Ritchie B. have made of it all?



Stand by for another dose of 'US Metal'. After the great success of their 'Volume One' last year, Shrapnel Records (where have we heard THAT name before? — Ed) are in the final stages of piecing together 'Volume Two'. Early news is that said mon-

strosity will contain a previously unreleased Rods number. What with the release of 'Metal Massacre' on Blade Records (yet another compilation of new bands) it really does seem as if the Yanks have caught Metal Mania in a big way.

Only in America, amigos! Top-notch (or should that be crotch?) mega-metalheads, Van Halen have got into the habit of setting up an off-stage bar at gigs solely for the road crew. They even take someone on tour with 'em whose only job is to keep the roadies well-supplied with booze and other (ahem) substances.



"I'm not used to people liking what I do — it's gotta be the kiss of doom!" You'd have thought Nightwing bassist Gordon Rowley would have reacted more positively to the deserved critical acclaim for the band's latest LP, 'Black Summer'. But, Rowley isn't your 'average' rock star. After all, look at his career. First with Strife and now Nightwing, he's gone through a catalogue of misfortunes that puts Ozzy's current problems in the shade. The man has been electrocuted on-stage, suffered a stroke, collapsed through sheer exhaustion and had the metal pin in his left knee (a legacy of his time in the marines when it was smashed on some rocks) come out whilst he was playing a gig, sending blood everywhere and gone through the harrowing experience of having Alex Harvey die in his arms!

Enough for one life-time? Not if your name is Gordon Rowley! The man also happens to be a caring, articulate, passionate fellow whose an active anti-nuclear campaigner, a conservationist and tireless worker in junkie/alcoholic rehabilitation. "Not that I'm a samaritan. It's just that I feel no person should be given up on — everyone has got something to offer."

And when he can find time in his overfull schedule, Rowley is also a damn fine musician, as was amply shown on the excellent 'Black Summer'. Alongside keyboardist Kenny Newton, guitarist Alec Johnson and drummer Steve Bartley, he has come with a quality LP of powerfully committed songs that are a pleasure on the ears. Yep, nice guys CAN play rock 'n' roll!



Following on from his mucho successful liaison with a certain all-girl foursome called Girlschool, it seems as if Vic Maile has now got the taste for producing female HM outfits (are you sure he's only PRODUCING 'em — cynical Ed). Rock Goddess, long-standing Metal Mania faves, recently did some recording with the 'Chairman'. Expect some imminent news of vinyl product from the girls.

Metal Mania's Hard Luck Story Of The Month Award goes to South African sextet Stingray. Whilst recently swimming in the deep blue sea on his native soil, drummer Shaun Wright had a most unfortunate experience when a shark took a fancy to his torso and decided to take his foot off! No jokes, this is absolutely true! Wright managed to make his way back to the shore before collapsing and being rushed to hospital. But, with an indomitable spirit, the brave drummer hobbled into the recording studios to help Stingray finish off their second LP. The twist in the tail came when the ill-starred album was delivered to Carrere Records (the band's label), because the latter rejected it as not being strong enough for release. Don't it make your sad eyes cry!



Iron Maiden ain't the only ones to have trouble recently with '666' connotations. For midlands Wheatley-philic Demon had one totally weird happening during the recording of their latest platter. A strange girl turned up out of nowhere at Bray Studios in Windsor, when the band were recording there and stayed with 'em until they'd finished. No-one knew who she was or where she came from. The only piece of info on the girl is that her name was Nickey — could it have been Old Nick's daughter?





AAAAAARGGGHHH! Not content with musically 'deflowering' those innocent (?) maidens Girlschool, metal maniacs Motorhead have actually been recording with the Plasmatics whilst on their current invasion of the USA. Word is the song slaughtered by the 'Mob' is that old classic 'Stand By Your Man'. Tammy Wynette will never sound the same again!

Nouveau glitter boyz Motley Crue apparently offered the vocalist gig recently to that legendary figure from the original glitter dayzz, Brian Connolly. Needless to say, the man turned down the offer.

Finally, here's this month's trip into the metallic album vaults:

M

etal Mania's 'Mr Nice Guys' award this issue goes jointly to the Scorpions and the management of the Manchester Apollo. For on the formers' recent UK tour, fans waiting for autographs after the Apollo shows were allowed to sit inside the venue whilst the band changed and showered. It's good to know that there are still some groups and venues who treat fans as human beings rather than cattle.



'DIVER DOWN' — VAN HALEN (WEA)

What Kiss do on-stage, Van Halen do on record. They never fail to produce hilarious, glitter-metal. Definitely indispensable.

'BLACK SUMMER' — NIGHTWING (Gull)

Quality hard rock, delivered with delicate craftsmanship.

'WRABIT' — WRABIT (MCA)

Yet more crackling Canadian conquerors, with a strong line in melody.

'EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIVE' — BLUE OYSTER CULT (CBS)

The third super-live LP from a band who still leave most would-be sophisticates in their slipstream.

'ALDO NOVA' — ALDO NOVA (Portrait)

THE all-purpose metalmal for the eighties. Takes over where Trevor Rabin left off.

'NICE 'N' DIRTY' — RAGE (Carrere)

Proof that Brits can rock the US way without ruining their riffs.

'NIGHT ATTACK' — ANGEL CITY (Epic)

Top-selling Aussies whose brand of cut-throat, catchy boogie really gets the turntable blazing.

'TRIUMPH' — TRIUMPH (Attic)

Their first LP made available at last — ready evidence as to why they're now Canada's finest HR act.

Just imagine, an all-Asian cricket side. Imran Khan, Zaheer Abass, Sunil Gavaskar, Kapil Dev... a team capable of beating even the West Indies on occasions! Ah, well, the stuff of pipedreams, n'est-ce pas? Instead, you'll have to content yourselves with the musical Asia — John Wetton (bass/vocals), Carl Palmer (drums), Geoff Downes (keyboards) and Steve Howe (guitar). Between 'em they've had more ex's than Liz Taylor — Uriah Heep, King Crimson, Wishbone Ash, UK, ELP, Atomic Rooster, Arthur Brown, Yes, The Buggles. This list is positively endless and positively old-hat!

"That sort of reasoning is why we're gonna start off in America and not tour the UK", asserts a rather rattled Howe. "Over here, Asia has been termed a 'super-group' and that means we're regarded as something of a joke. In

the States, things are far more on the up. The band is wanted in a HUGE way and we will be meeting a demand — that's very encouraging for all of us." The 'demand' was shown when their debut album on Geffen Records shot straight into the US Top 30 — hardly surprising when you consider the amount of push they had and the blatant AOR style of said LP, a factor obviously influencing their choice of Journey/April Wineman/Mike Stone as producer. "That's not true. We chose Mike not 'cos of his success but simply due to his personality. We knew he was the guy for us as soon as we met him." It's a pity then that the collaboration turned out so weakly. With the exception of 'In The Heat Of The Moment' and 'Only Time Will Tell', 'Asia' is, sadly, no more than a very forgettable hard-rock attempt.

CHART CHEX UK

- 1) 'ROCK 'N' ROLL GYPSIES' — SPIDER (Brilliant)
- 2) 'DIVER DOWN' — VAN HALEN (WEA)
- 3) 'THE EAGLE HAS LANDED' — SAXON (Carrere)
- 4) 'SCREAMING BLUE MURDER' — GIRLSCHOOL (Bronze)
- 5) 'ABOMINOG' — URIAH HEEP (Bronze)
- 6) 'EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL LIVE' — BLUE OYSTER CULT (CBS)
- 7) 'WIPE OUT' — RAVEN (Neat)
- 8) 'RIDES AGAIN' — DOC HOLLIDAY (A&M)
- 9) 'WHITE LACE & BLACK LEATHER' — HELIX (Logo)
- 10) 'SPECIAL FORCES' — .38 SPECIAL (A&M)
- 11) 'STRAIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES' — RAINBOW (Polydor)
- 12) '3' — GAMMA (Elektra)
- 13) 'WASTED YOUTH' — GIRL (Jet)
- 14) 'CHURCH OF HAWKWIND' — HAWKWIND (RCA)
- 15) 'I LOVE ROCK 'N' ROLL' — JOAN JETT (Boardwalk)
- 16) 'HOT SHOWER' — VARIOUS (RCA)
- 17) 'BLACK SUMMER' — NIGHTWING (Gull)
- 18) 'NUMBER OF THE BEAST' — IRON MAIDEN (EMI)
- 19) 'BLACKOUT' — SCORPIONS (EMI)
- 20) 'BREAKIN' THE CHAINS' — DOKKEN (Carrere)

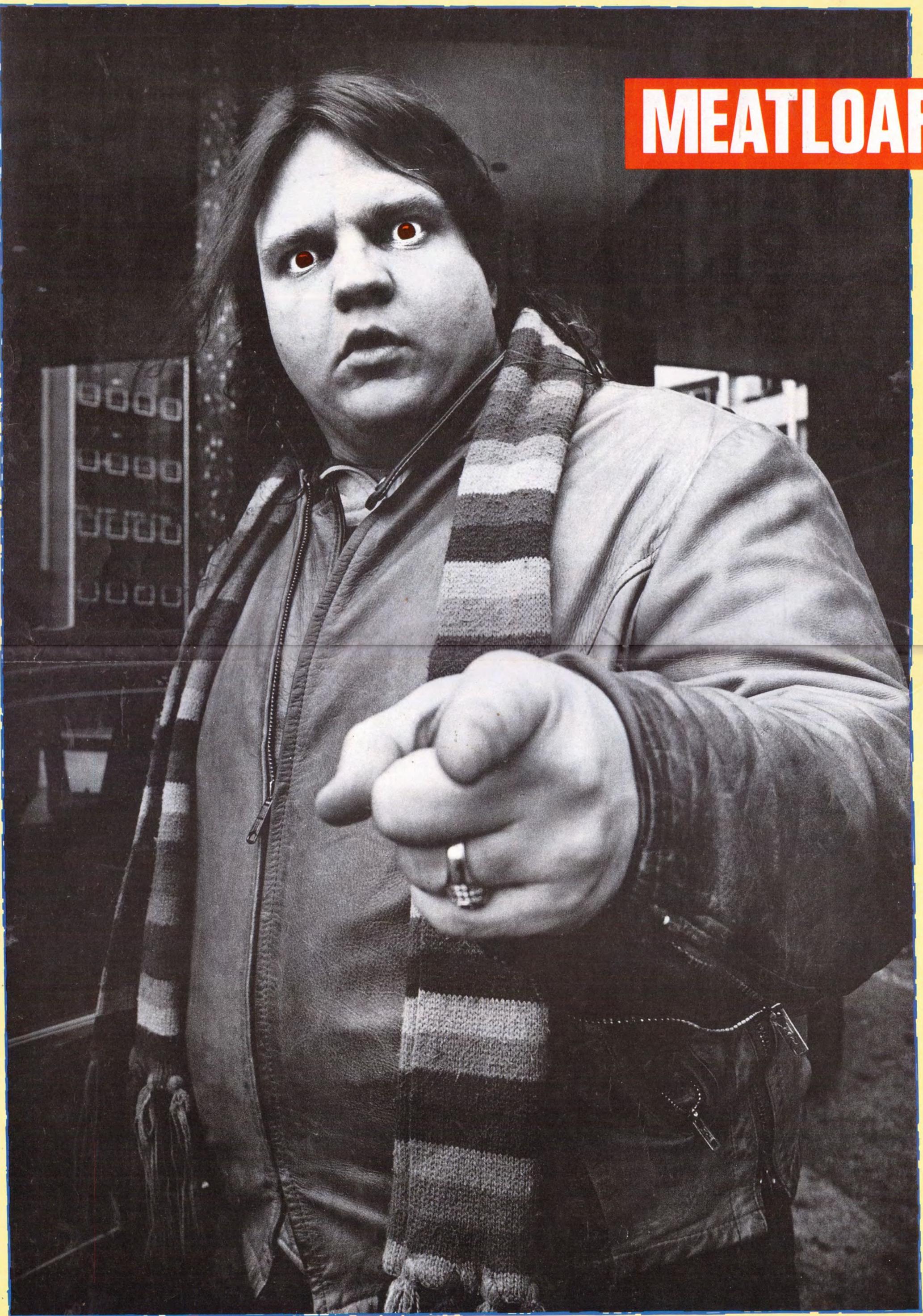
IMPORT

- 1) 'BREAKING LOOSE' — HELIX (H&S)
- 2) 'STORM' — STORM (MCA)
- 3) 'BELINDA METZ' — BELINDA METZ (Canadian)
- 4) 'STRANGER' — STRANGER (Epic)
- 5) 'WILD DOGS' — RODS (Arista)
- 6) 'METAL ON METAL' — ANVIL (Attic)
- 7) 'STEALER' — STEALER (MCA)
- 8) 'GONNA MAKE IT ALRIGHT' — TRAMPOLIN (CBS)
- 9) 'ALDO NOVA' — ALDO NOVA (Portrait)
- 10) 'ONE' — HM ARMY (Bourbon)
- 11) 'COLISEUM ROCK' — STARZ (Capitol)
- 12) 'BEST OF APRIL WINE BALLADS' — APRIL WINE (Aquarius)
- 13) 'RIO GRANDE MUD' — ZZ TOP (London)
- 14) 'METAL MASSACRE' — VARIOUS (Blade)
- 15) 'EMOTIONS IN MOTION' — BILLY SQUIER (Capitol)

FANZ

- RAINBOW: PO Box 7, Prescot, Merseyside.
WHITESNAKE: Snakebite, 166-189 Liverpool Rd, London N1.
DIAMOND HEAD: 156 Lightwoods Hill, Warley Woods, Warley, West Midlands.
UFO: 10 Sutherland Avenue, London W9.
GIRLSCHOOL: Barmy Army, 77 St. Peters Close, Moreton On Lugg, Hereford, HR1 2DL.

MEATLOAF,



BEATY,

BIG

‘N’ BOUNCY

“It started out as a whisper and it’s building right up into a shriek”.
('Stark Raving Love', by Jim Steinman).

T

he Dream Police revealed. Turn the corner and come face to face with — the American vision of renegade angels.

In no other country can you find such an amazing variety of rockin' metallites as in the US. There's Nugent the frontiersman, Hagar the brawling streetfighter, Van Halen the Broadway glitter-kidz, the comic-strip craziness of Kiss...and the mythology of Meatloaf.

Meatloaf could only exist in America. In a land where the pursuit of material riches overrides all else, this 250 pound walking bank account is an ultimate consumer item. At once both fascinating yet repulsive, a nice guy with a psychotic glamour, perfect yet flawed, the colossus is a star — from a country where fans would as soon shoot their idols as ask for an autograph.

Meat Loaf is a metal maverick — the type Orson Welles might well have come up with if he'd ever decided to create the most exaggerated symbol of rock 'n' roll values. He is at once a positive celebration of what makes the music biz tick, yet by the same token also a damning indictment of the system that made him.

All this and then there's the little matter of Meat Loaf music. Beatles, Little Richard, Wagner, Springsteen, Zeppelin....the combination is the sound of opera allied to 'street' brutality — savage, raw, remarkable, powerful, AWESOME. Or at least it was in the beginning. 'Bat Out Of Hell' was a startling milestone in rock history. Steinman's spectacular songs allied to Meat's voice — the absurd writing for the grotesque, Frankenstein and his amazing technicolour dream 'monster', Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. A team the like of which even heavy rock had never encountered before. In the five years since its release, 'Bat....' has never been out of the British charts, every number has been a single success somewhere in the world. The passion and the freedom ex-



pressed in it's grooves will doubtless ensure that, like 'Dark Side Of The Moon', it will continue to sell in a big way for years, rather than months to come.

But, since then, the whole wonderland experience has turned slightly sour. Nothing Meat Loaf has done since has matched the majesty of 'Bat....'. His near-legendary vocal problems led to Steinman being forced out of the closet and up front on 'Bad For Good'. Now, there is little doubt that Meat Loaf is essentially a duo (and I'm not talking about the giant man's weighty frame!) — Steinman's songs are as important to the whole exercise as is the enormous vocal strength of the man himself. One without the other is rather like a horse without fleas (!) — each one contributes something to

the existence of the other. All of which meant that 'BFG' ended up as an album of excellent material only adequately recorded and Meat's own second LP, 'Deadringer' was ironically excellently delivered but contained a set of basically mediocre material. The drop in sales for both of these two efforts, as compared to 'Bat', in itself shows up the problem.

The recent UK dates weren't above criticism either. Now, by any normal standards, these were excellent gigs, with Meat Loaf (always the supreme showman) literally sweating himself, his backing Neverland Express Band and the audiences into a state of euphoric frenzy. But this man is a UNIQUE rocker — he shouldn't be judged by any 'normal' styles. And the

honest truth of the matter is that he patently failed to reproduce sound-wise the garish grandeur of his albums on-stage. The 'Loaf shows were extravagant — but in all the wrong places. For instance, an awful lot of money went into the lighting rig, but no time or effort was spent of really choreographing the visuals and it all ended up well short of what the 'Blackout' Scorpions did on a much lower budget.

There was no attempt at creating spectacular excess. Surely, maniacs, the perfect climax to any Meat Loaf performance is to have the man astride a blazing 'Hell Cycle' and as the track 'Bat Out Of Hell' roars to its gothic peak, he revs up riding into the sky — before the machine explodes, setting alight a giant, inflammable sign high in the

rafters which proclaims ROCK & ROLL DREAMS COME THROUGH. Kiss would have done it!

The Meaty show ended up as nothing more than cabaret metal. Now, that IS understandable when you consider that he appeals to more than just HM fans. The Daily Mail coffee-table rock set were out in force and as they were clearly responsible for buying him into the super-star bracket, it's only reasonable that the man should tailor his performance as much for them as the metal brigades. But if the price of success is to be forced into almost apologising for being a heavy rocker — is it worth it? And was I alone in believing that Meat Loaf only truly came alive during the encore, when he gleefully led an 11-strong 'Killers In The Spotlight' gu-

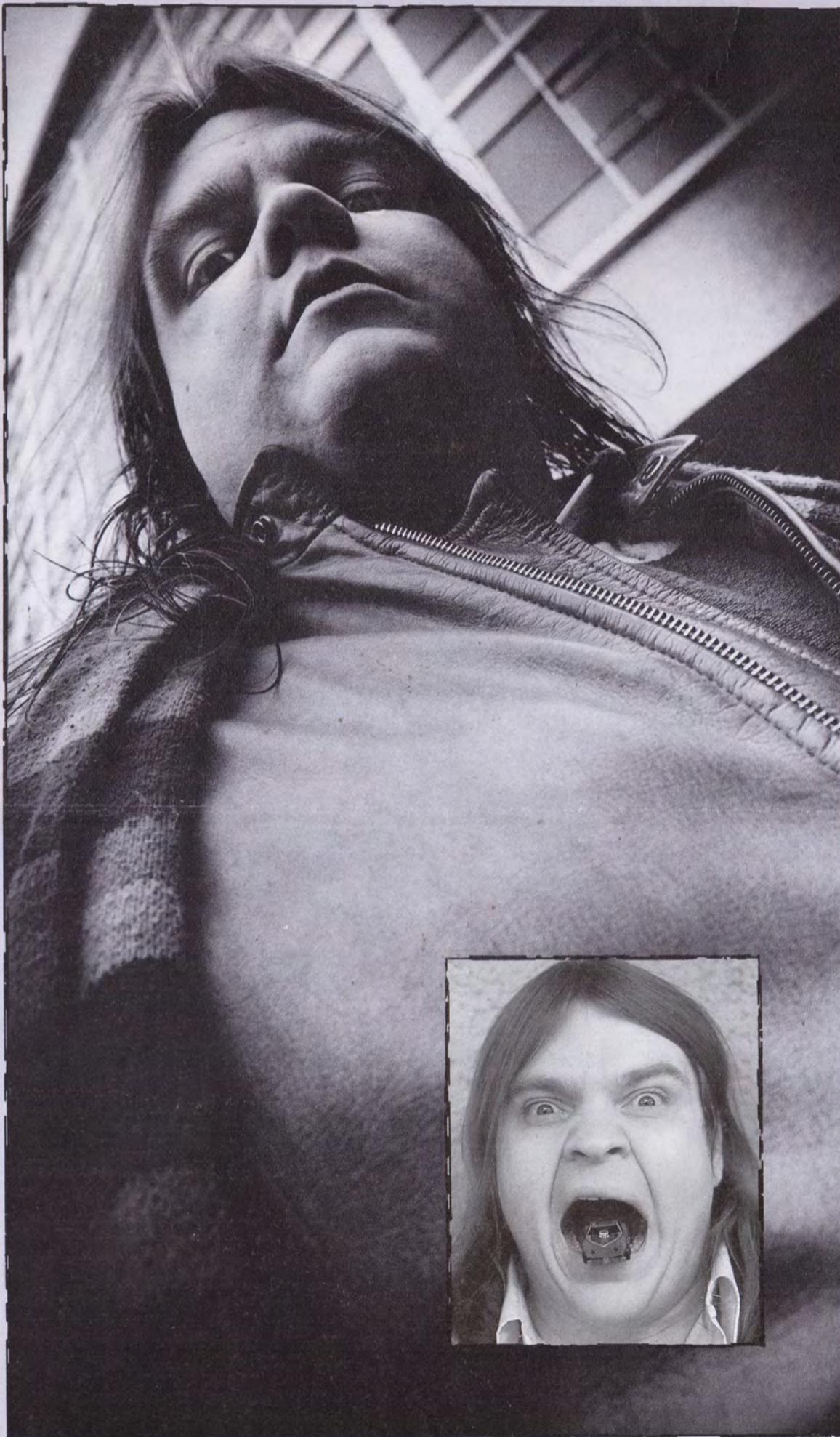
MEATLOAF, BEATY, BIG 'N' BOUNCY

tar army through a totally wonderful Loafhouse rock 'n' roll blitz of the old classic 'Promised Land'. It was this glorious dumbo gross-out and not the overpolite likes of 'Paradise By The Dashboard Light', 'Deadringer' etc that got the fans out of their seats and jivin' in the aisles.

But the man himself doesn't see any one part of the show as more important than the effect of the whole. "There's more than one side to Meat Loaf. I am not one-dimensional and if anyone wants to confine me to being just one type of rocker, then that's just TOO bad. I do have a 'Bat Out Of Hell' side — I could sing that particular song for the rest of my life and never get tired of either the words or the sentiments. It is a part of ME. But something like 'Promised Land' is what rock 'n' roll is all about. That's where the Rolling Stones, The Who and people like that came from and it was these bands, with their emphasis on dramatic rock, who first turned me on, musically. 'Promised Land' is the real roots of my music and everything needs roots to start off. The songs I perform are a seed planted by the likes of Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Elvis Presley and all of those pioneers — and the seed grew into trees the world knows as 'Bat Out Of Hell', 'Deadringer' and so on.

"In my opinion, there's room for everything in music. I don't like the idea of people deciding what's fashionable and what isn't and forcing their views on everyone else. Rock 'n' roll is for EVERYONE, 'cos it's not just about chords and notes, it's about heart and soul. James Dean and Marlon Brando were as much r 'n' r as Mick Jagger, Roger Daltrey or Pete Townshend. To me doing a song like 'Promised Land' is a way of paying homage to Chuck Berry and hence my roots, just as 'Gimme Shelter', which I also do as an encore sometimes, is my tribute to the Stones. Everything I do is ME."

And no-one who saw the Loafman in action on the recent tour can doubt that he gave his all throughout each song of his long set. "I went into hard training for the British gigs. I ran, did press-ups, everything so that the shows really hit home. And my voice was better than it's ever been. I hit notes I've never even reached on record before. Whilst I'm talking about my voice, let's get something clear, OK? The reason for the long delay between 'Bat....' and 'Deadringer' wasn't anything to do with vocal problems. It was much more basic than that. I



had to decide whether I wanted to go on rock 'n' rolling or else get into something new like farming or going to tennis school. And I'll tell you exactly when I reached this cross-roads in my career — August 25th, 1978, after playing before 35,000 people at the Dr. Pepper Festival. I sat there and then had to ask myself if it was worth carrying on. Any other difficulties I had at the time were irrelevant.

"But back to my point. When I go on-stage, I'm going into battle, 'cos I have to give

the audience my ALL. I expect them to sit in their £6 or £7 seats, with their arms folded and say 'entertain me' — that's a challenge and I thrive on such things. It brings out the showman in me.

"I'm an artist and entertainer — NOT A STAR. I look like any ordinary guy and give folks the feeling that if you want something badly enough and work hard enough for it, then you'll get there. But a star? That's not Meat Loaf. I even went to a psychologist for nine months

'cos I couldn't bring myself to say the word. One of my best friends, John Belushi (of the Blues Brothers) also had problems handling so-called 'star status'. His solution was to hide behind drugs and in the end it killed him. As a result of that, I plan to campaign against drug abuse — it's the least I can do for John's memory. And I have a message for people. To the fans, I say — don't follow your idols if they take drugs, 'cos they will end up in the ground and you will, too, if you're not careful. To the

idols, I say — if you must take drugs, do it in private and don't encourage others to follow your example."

But, before he can do any active campaigning on the drugs front, Meat Loaf has several problems a little nearer to home that desperately need solving. For a start, he has now severed connections with his management company, who as a result have slapped an injunction against all 'Loaf projects. And the man has also gone through a well-publicised and very public divorce from Jim Steinman. "I'm an artist who trusts people. I'm not stupid, but my job is to sing and put together a band — not to watch and see if someone's taking more out of the kitty than they should be. If you sell about 12 or 13 million records there are always people around ready to take unfair advantage — it's human nature. I left my old management partly because of this and also as they were not thinking ahead. There was no tomorrow with them, only this hour. That's fine if you want to live only for the hour. But I've been in rock 'n' roll since '66 and I want something longer term.

"As for Steinman, people are always claiming that I'm a monster created by him. But that's totally untrue. Jim Steinman got into MY car as a passenger. I did the driving. He does write great songs but I was the one who brought them to life. I made those songs mine — no-one could sing 'em the way I do."

Now, having terminated his partnership with the modern Wagner, Meat is busily writing new material with the likes of Alice Cooper sideman Dick Wagener and the legendary Jim Webb. Recording on the third opus has been going ahead since September and should be ready, in theory, sometime very soon.

But there must be grave doubts as to Meat Loaf's durable musical credibility. Sure, he will remain a star (despite his loathing of the term), there's too much talent in that gigantic frame to stop him from continuing at the top. However, the SteinLoaf express provided one of rock's most inspired helter-skelter rides — Steinman's was the vision and Meat's the execution. Without the former's unique genius, it's highly unlikely that HR's most famous man-mountain can ever scale the heights of 'Bat....' again. Like Queen, he seems destined to become increasingly successful at the expense of his heavy rock roots. And that's not just a SHAME — it's positively CRIMINAL.



RAGE

DURING THEIR 11 YEARS TOGETHER, VOCALIST DAVE LLOYD, AXEMAN MICK DEVENPORT, DRUMMER JOHN MYLETT AND BASSIST KEITH MULHOLLAND HAVE ACHIEVED EVERYTHING — AND NOTHING! AS NUTZ (AUGMENTED BY KEYBOARDSMAN KENNY NEWTON), THEY RELEASED FOUR LP'S ON A&M RECORDS AND LAST YEAR UNDER THE NAME OF RAGE CAME THE CARRERE ALBUM 'OUT OF CONTROL'. IT'S ALL BEEN ENOUGH TO GET THESE AFFABLE LIVERPUDLIANS SOME CRITICAL ACCLAIM — BUT IN COMMERCIAL TERMS THEY'RE NOT EXACTLY IN THE SUPERSTAR BRACKET. "YEAH, THAT'S TRUE", ADMITS LLOYD. "FOR EXAMPLE, THAT RAGE LP SOLD AS WELL IN HOLLAND AS IT DID OVER HERE!"

Now, however, comes the LP that, if there is any justice in rock, will break 'em wide open. Entitled 'Nice 'N' Dirty' and boasting a slinkily sexy sleeve featuring two nubile lovelies clad only in leather 'n' flesh ("we're thinking of taking 'em on the road with us", quips Lloyd. "Imagine an HM Human League!"), this is a ten track stormer firmly underlining that (in the singer's own words) "Rage play melodic, heavy rock. We can't ever compete with the likes of Motorhead on their terms — that's not our style."

The album, apart from being the quartet's finest vinyl moment, also introduces the wider world to their hot new guitarist Terry Steeps. "Actually we've called him 'Tony' on the album cover, for tax reasons!" jokes Lloyd. "Seriously, though, Terry used to be with a local Liverpool band called Thin Edge Of The Wedge. They supported us a couple of times and as we were looking for a second guitarist to fatten up our sound, Terry seemed the ideal guy. Besides having him has lowered our average age to only 43 — after all he is ONLY 19!"

The big question is now — will 'N 'N' D' deservedly provide Rage with the success they've been working so hard to gain? "I don't rightly know", admits Lloyd. "But I'll tell you this — Rage no longer do it for the money. We make enough to survive. No, we'd like a little recognition for all our efforts. I KNOW this band is good — I'd just like everyone else to realise it as well." That's not an epitaph, it's a goddam statement of intent — and Rage have the talent to carry through Lloyd's dream to reality.



GAMMA

RONNIE MONTROSE IS ONE HELLUVA FINE GUITARIST. BUT, HE ALSO SUFFERS FROM A SEEMINGLY TERMINAL CASE OF RAGING EGOMANIA. Consider. Montrose's current band Gamma have now recorded three albums (cunningly entitled '1', '2' and '3') — each featuring a different line-up. Moreover on both of Gamma's UK appearances (last year as headliners and recently as special guests to Foreigner) it was noticeable that the on-stage sound was totally Montrose-dominated and the spotlight rarely wandered from his presence.

The outside observer could be reasonably forgiven the thought that Gamma is no more than a vehicle for Montrose's undoubted talents and that any other members are to all intents and purposes IRRELEVANT. Montrose himself does see things a little differently, though. "I think that statement is very unfair. There is a tremendous amount of guitar/keyboards interaction both live and record, although whether the audience can understand that I don't know. Besides, Gamma to me is like Utopia to Todd Rundgren. I formed the band and therefore people identify it with me only — I can't escape that whatever I do."

Yet, despite the Montrose protestations, there can be little argument that he does suffer

from delusions of Blackmore, without possessing either the stature or personal charisma of the latter.

All of which is a pity because musically Gamma's marriage of hard rock and synthesisers has great potential. As was amply shown on '3' (with a line-up completed by bassist Glenn Letsh, drummer Denny Carmassi, vocalist Davey Pattison and keyboardsmen Mitchell Froom), this band could achieve a commercial HR success ratio on par with Foreigner. "We worked very hard on the new album and to hear so many people hailing it as a success is very gratifying."

But the big question is still — can Gamma and Montrose turn critical acclaim into an on-going 'shifting units' situation? Much may depend on whether someone can make Montrose see that he has got to give the rest of the band a freer reign. For the man should have no doubts that this is the best outfit he's gotten together since great Montrose mK I. Around him, he has four people who can bring to realisation the Montrose dream of "making Gamma a unique, valid ensemble."

LIGHTNING RAIDERS

THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS ARE RAW ROCK 'N' ROLL. THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS ARE STEPPENWOLF WITH A DASH OF NEW YORK DOLLS, A HINT OF SKYNYRD AND A SPOONFUL OF THE STONES. THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS ARE... BASSIST SANDY SANDERSON, DRUMMER GEORGE BUTLER, GUITARIST BRUCE IRVINE AND VOCALIST GASS WILD.

Between 'em this lot have played with the Pink Fairies, Social Deviants, Alex Harvey, Ian Dury, Vinegar Joe, Tyla Gang, Johnny Thunders and Chrissie Hynde. But since August 1981, they've been simply the Raiders, gigging slavishly around London and recording.

You might have noticed them on the Reading bill last year, dishing out ear-sapping, beer-spilling notice of their presence. You might have coped hold of



their single 'Criminal World' on their own Revenge Records (distributed through the Island organisation). And, in theory, you should have been able to pick up an album and four-track EP on the same label earlier this year... YOU SHOULD. Trouble is that Island have decided to drop 'em, having sacked the guy who signed the band up and, in Sanderson's words, "decided to clean out his desk on a permanent basis. Everything that man signed up has now been dropped. I suppose we've suffered to some extent because no one left at Island is into hard rock."

All that, plus the loss of founding member John Hodge (guitar) recently, should make the Raiders feel rather depressed and cynical about the future. But not a bit of it. "We played our first gig at the Venue in London without John not so long ago", recalls Wild. "It was just tremendous. Everyone said afterwards that losing John has made the band if anything EVEN better."

With manager Gordon Hale busily negotiating for the Raiders to sign a distribution deal with a fresh label and the band ready to go out around the country gigging, something must inevitably happen. There's a whole mass of fans out there just waiting to shake their heads and wave their arms to the storming sounds of one of this country's best live acts. As Wild says "we've two important things going for us — a desire to make it and a sense of discipline."

Never mind about the Filth Hounds from Hades, just bend your ear to the Sweathogs from Maida Vale!

PRISM

HERE WE GO... A ROUND OF JOKES BASED ON THE WORD PRISM. YOU KNOW THE SORT OF THING: LIGHT SOUNDS THAT REFLECT A SPECTRUM OF STYLES. AAAAARGGGHHH! It's ENOUGH TO GIVE EVEN THIS CLICHE-RIDDEN MAG A SHOT OF THE BENDS.

Fortunately, though, when you talk about the band Prism, you're not dealing with a joke outfit but rather a good, hard-rock US combo that knows where it's headed. "I think we will be totally phenomenal", bellows vocalist Henry Small. A man who once worked with Burton Cummings (is THAT a recommendation?!), Small SHOULD have been the Prism new boy. But as things have turned out, the man has ended up taking over the outfit entirely. For soon after joining Prism last year, Small saw the

originals around him fall apart and finally leave him with the name — and precious little else. Rather reminiscent of Jimmy Page and the Yardbirds in the late sixties.

Undaunted, Small collected together a bunch of American session musicians and recorded 'Small Change'. Produced by former Hagar collaborator Carter, this is a robust, across-the-boards effort that has a crisp feel. Of course, there are the rockers like the superb recent US Top 40 smash 'Don't Let Him Know'. But with rubies like 'Radar' and 'Wings Of Your Love', the band display a gleeful penchant for the softer sounds. "It does show signs of a new musical direction for the band", reveals Small. "But because we were forced to use session guys, it hasn't quite got the continuity I'd like in future."

Now, though, the man has gathered together a red-hot outfit in ex-Bob Seger keyboardman Robin Robyns, guitarist Paul Warren ("a guy I've been wanting to work with for some time."), drummer Doug Madick and bassist John Trivers. And unlike the previous Prism, who were primarily a studio band, this quintet intend to carve a niche for themselves on the road. Currently, they're touring the States and getting an apparently positive response almost everywhere. So, when do we expect Prism to play over here? "I'm hoping the band will be doing a short European tour before the year is out," concludes Small.

Now, what was that about the 'Dark Side Of The Moon' cover?



COMPO...

Anyone fancy getting hold of a seven-inch Rod? Metal Mania has on offer a round dozen copies of the latest Rods single 'You Keep Me Hanging On' and it's in a picture disc form.

No, we don't want any money for it. Nor are we after any other form of bribery (shame - ed). All we ask is that you answer the questions below CORRECTLY.

Right, ready? OK, off we jolly well go:

- 1) Rods' guitarist 'Rock' Feinstein is the first cousin of a) David Lee Roth b) Ronnie James Dio c) Julio Iglesias d) Ted Nugent.
- 2) 'You Keep Me Hanging On' was a sixties hit for a) Cream b) Vanilla Fudge c) Jimi Hendrix d) Julio Iglesias
- 3) The Rods supported which British group earlier this year a) Iron Maiden b) Girlschool c) Tytan d) Saxon e) Julio Iglesias.

All entries should be on a post-card and sent to the following address — Rods Competition, Metal Mania, 12 Oval Road, London NW1. They should reach us no later than the end of July. First dozen to be pulled out of the office hat will get a copy of the disc!



TOOLS OF THE TRADE

ROGER GLOVER

Roger Glover of Rainbow is a man with a long history in the music biz. There are few heavy rock bassists around today who can either match his experience or indeed his talents. If there is a bass player around who can be called a 'virtuoso' then this is the man.

Like most people who end up on the bass, it didn't happen by some grand design. "My first instrument was actually a folk guitar, on which I could play E, A, D and a kind of G. I can't say I was great at it. Anyway, when rock 'n' roll got a hold of me through the skiffle movement of the late fifties, I was in a school band and as there were two other guys in it with more guitar talent than myself I moved onto bass. I thought it would be the easiest instrument to play. Now, that's a point I'd like to make at the outset. Bass guitars are easy to play INITIALLY. They are also the most difficult to perform on with any degree of individuality — that's why bassists tend to be so anonymous. Mind you, in a hard rock terms that's no bad thing. There's no room for the likes of Jaco Pastorius in an HM band and that's good for someone like me, I'm no flashy player."

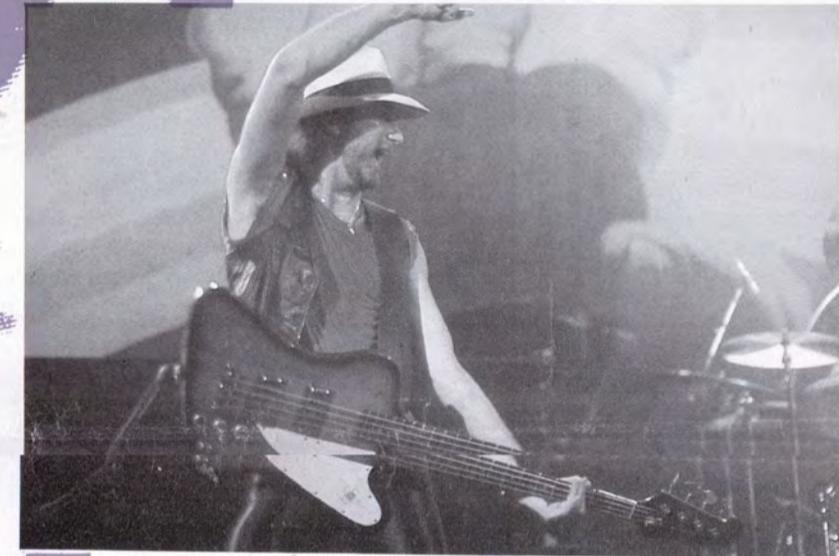
Glover's first bass model was — a Spanish guitar! "I took off a couple of strings and put on a pick-up." From there, he moved onto a Hofner. "It was basically a Fender copy." In terms of amplification, he was forced into borrowing such as he could from any source available. "I remember on one occasion, Bert Weedon came down to see us play as his son was in the band. For that gig, we had one amp, a Vox 15, through which all the instruments and microphones went. It sounded terrible. But the upshot was that the man himself lent me his personal Selmer model. So, there I was on-stage with an amp engraved with the name 'Bert Weedon' — that was a great thrill. Eventually, to save on cost, I used to nip down to my local hi-fi store and buy a couple of Goodwin speakers for about £5 and then build my own cabinet. Mind you, I probably learnt more about carpentry than anything else. But it did allow me to experiment with various ideas and I continued to use self-constructed cabinets right up until I joined Deep Purple. I still believe that for a bassist the hardest problem to overcome is that of getting a good cabinet. When I first started, they were not built or designed for use with a bass and these days this still continues, although people are beginning to make them better."

Back on the instrument trail, Glover's first, as he termed it, "real guitar" was a Fender Precision. "When I wasn't playing, I'd stand this in a corner and just watch it for hours. I was so proud of it." These days, the man, being the successful star he deservedly is, has a variety of models on hand. "On the recent Rainbow album, 'Straight Between The Eyes', I've employed a Hondo Longhorn, which is a really cheap Japanese job that gives a wonderful sound. But it doesn't give enough of a gutsy feel on stage. So I prefer to stick to a Gibson Thunderbird or Ovation. I've also invested recently in a new Fender Precision, complete with up-to-date electronics."

But on the strings front, Glover has little preference. "No-one has come forward to sponsor me yet. So I go along with whatever my roadie gets me. One thing I will say about strings is that I'm not one of these people who likes to change 'em every week or so as a matter of routine. I prefer to work strings in and get a proper feel for 'em. In fact, to be honest I do find it difficult talking about anything on the technical side of bass playing because I don't REALLY take it at all seriously. That may sound a bit strange but to me it's FUN. The serious side of my musical life lies in writing and producing."

All of which means that when it comes to giving out advice to aspiring bassist, Glover rather shies away. "I don't think there is much I can say to 'em — it's all down to experience and learning from your mistakes. It's a bit like trying to tell a child not to go too near a fire as they'll get burnt — most kids won't listen to you anyway and consequently have to find out the hard way. To me any musical instrument is an extension of someone's personality and everyone will therefore play it differently."

One thing I will say is that regardless of whether or not you are a natural musician, a basic grounding in the traditional western musical form is important, you know the '12 bars'. I was rather lucky in that I had piano lessons for a year when I was seven and hence didn't have to learn to simple chord structures from scratch."



"To me, though, there is something which in its own right is equally as important as technique and application: never get carried away by your own talents. It's the easiest thing in the world for someone on-stage to imagine that the fans are cheering them personally. They're not — it's the BAND which gets the applause. All too often I've seen musicians fool themselves into believing that they are far bigger than is really the case. So when they've eventually allowed their egos to dictate that a solo career is worth pursuing, they inevitably come a cropper. Fame, like drugs and alcohol, exposes weaknesses in a person's character. If you allow it, stardom WILL turn your head. Always keep your feet firmly on the ground and as I said earlier DON'T TAKE IT TOO SERIOUSLY. One thing that always embarrasses me is when fans come up and tell me I'm the greatest bassist around. When a musician starts to believe all of that, then it's problem time!"

Sadly, Rainbow fans won't be able to lavish praise on the modest bassman for some time to come, as the band have no UK tour plans for '82. However, the

man has found time to pen a booklet of explanatory notes on his musical approach. Available at the present time only in Japan, this publication reproduces six of the most famous Purple/Rainbow songs associated with Glover, alongside which he's provided an insight into why certain rhythm lines were used in specific places. This nicely complements all Glover has said above and is undoubtedly an essential purchase for would-be bassists.

MONMORE FESTIVAL

N

ever mind about counting swallows, you can always tell when summer is here by the sudden explosion of outdoor rock festivals. Mind you, the first of the '82 season, the Monmore Festival, wasn't exactly blessed with the right conditions for a SUMMER binge. Windswept, wet and cold, unfortunately the weather perfectly matched the overall quality of the organisation at the Ladbrooke Stadium in Wolverhampton — depressing.

The facilities were by and large sparse, with booze and food overpriced and the merchandising (tee-shirts and programmes) shoddy in the extreme. And the festival promoters CSP distinguished themselves only by their well-meaning but amateurish running of the whole non-event.

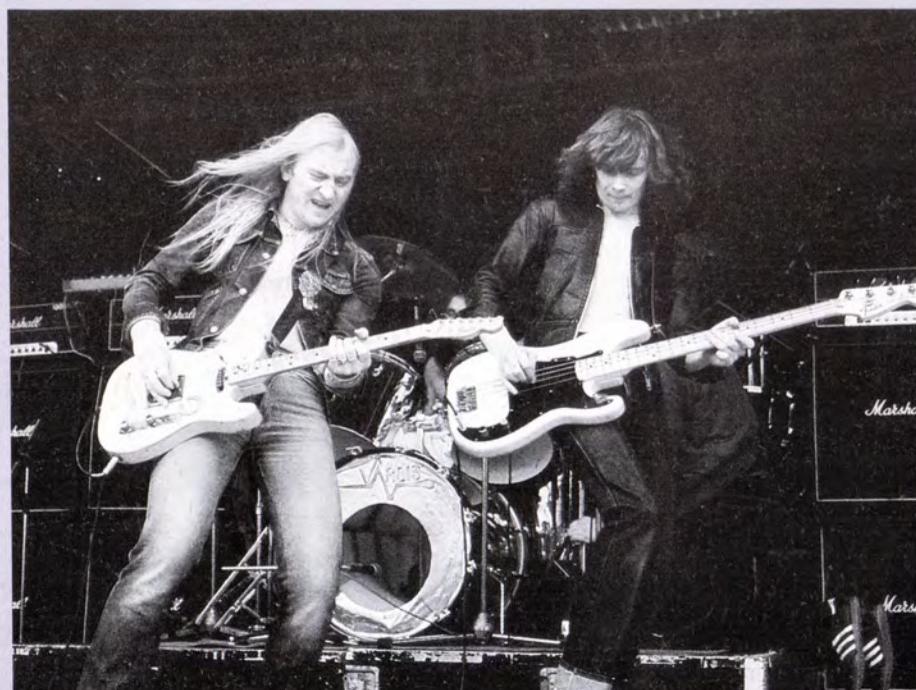
Musically, the 2,500 loonies who did bother turning up weren't exactly given a value-for-money bill. For instance what in Lemmy's name were local quartets Born Loser and Fireclown doing here at a so-called 'major' outdoor gig? The former with their third-rate Def Leppard imitations and the latter via a boring line in heavy blues proved totally devoid of any saving graces. These turkeys should be directed straight to the HM abattoir, never again onto a rock stage. Mansfield trio Limelight were at least professional in their approach. Best described as "a cross between Angel Witch and Rush" (quote courtesy of Girlschool drummer Denise Dufort), they proved to be fine musicians but rather too wooden to really get the crowd going. In a way it is a shame that this lot lack that 'certain sparkle' which separates the big-time bands from the also-rans, 'cos they do have an excellent line in British bludgeon 'n' pomp and numbers like the breathtaking 'Man Of Colours' never fail to bring a tear to the eye.

The betting in the liggers' enclosure was that Yorkshire boogie merchants Vardis were bound to go down a real treat. After all, their brand of uncomplicated post-Glitter metal SHOULD have really had the crowd gettin' their rocks off, right?

Well, doubtless that would have been true for most festivals. But the fans at this particular 'party' seemed definitely to be missing any sort of rock 'n' roll bonhomie. Indeed, such was the lack of atmosphere around the stage that I had the feeling some enterprising racketeer could have made a fortune selling oxygen masks at the box office! And Vardis duly died a death. A pity really. They were in good shape, with guitarist Steve Zodiac aggressively berating the crowd for their total disinterest in the live music. But, perhaps, he shouldn't have been too stunned at the way Vardis failed to shake loose the punters. For this was a Hawkwind gig and fans of Brock's brigade are notorious for their narrow-minded treatment of anyone on the same bill as their heroes. And predictably, the now-fourpiece 'Wind machine took the place apart.

To be honest, Hawkwind are the sort of band you either love or hate. There is no middle ground with this lot — it's a religion, the Church of Hawkwind. The fans had by and large come solely to pay homage to these last-remaining members of the late-sixties underground musical movement. And they were not disappointed. It seems as if the resurgence in CND activity has given Brock & Co a (gulp!) second 'Wind — the band are more relevant to '82's 'Peace Children' than they ever were to the seventies. Moreover, they turned the whole gig into an almost psychedelic circus, with magicians and escapologists performing at certain points in the set — surreal, man! And even those who regard Hawkwind with total horror had the amusement of watching their firework display go completely wrong and 'special guest star' saxophonist Nik Turner, make an ass of himself.

But if Hawkwind were the headlining act, then it has to be said — the REAL musical stars of the whole day were the ever-magnificent Tytan. Just what this lot were



doing sandwiched between Fireclown and Limelight, I'm at a loss to understand — they deserved to be MUCH higher up the bill. Indeed, at a festival dominated by the has-beens and never-has-beens, this London quintet were a revelation, adequately proving that they are the best British male heavy rockers to emerge since Def Leppard/Iron Maiden/Saxon. What a pity then that the fans turned 'em into the day's scapegoats. Every festival has to have one band against whom the crowd have a 'go' — this time around Tytan were the 'lucky' ones. Cans, turf and other less savoury items were hurled stagewards during their set, the only reason being it seems because they are southerners. "Wolverhampton fans are really strange, that way. Anyone from London is regarded as a snob", someone remarked after the band had left the stage. And that was apparently a strong excuse for certain sections of the audience to bottle 'em off.

As if that wasn't enough, the band also ran into grave sound problems. From the opening blast of 'Cold Bitch', feedback ran like a plague through the sound system — lead guitarist Gary Owens could hardly be heard. And during the third number, 'Far Cry', the power suddenly failed, without any sort of warning or explanation — one hates to mention sabotage, BUT

Tytan were forced to leave the stage for a two minute "commercial break without any adverts" (as vocalist Kal Swann put it) whilst on-the-spot electricians righted the fault. Once back in action, the band fortunately avoided any more mishaps (save for Owens falling over), however any chance they might have had of winning over the crowd disappeared during their enforced absence.

What a pity it was that the fans were not prepared to listen to the thunderingly excellent music this lot dished out. 'Women On The Front Line' (possibly their first single for Kamaflage Records) and 'Forever Gone' proved to be classic cuts of metal/pop, 'The Watcher' and 'Far Side Of Destiny' were brimful of Zeppelin-esque controlled power, whilst 'Blind Men & Fools' was undoubtedly the day's most inspired epic. If all that wasn't enough, the fans were also treated to the curvaceous Carmine going through an eye-popping dance routine during 'Money For Love' and Kevin Riddles beating his brains out OTT-style during the climax of 'Ballad Of Edward Case', a real anarchic set-closer. Tytan are without a shadow of doubt the new Whitesnake — give 'em a couple of years and they will be capable of headlining at Donington before some 60,000 fanatics.

"We were just the wrong band for this sort of bill", admitted drummer Dave Dufort after the band's performance. "We were too classy for these fans!" Riddles put things a little differently. "We went down alright, but there were about 20 or 30 hecklers who made life a bit difficult for us." Still, Tytan should worry. With Dufort and Riddles proving to be merciless rhythm warriors a la Buchholtz/Rarebell of the Scorpions, Swann showing exactly why he is becoming the most acclaimed vocalist in the country and Owens plus Steve Gibbs running riot around the stage like renegade, guitar-mutilating pixies, they were several leagues better than anyone else on this bill.

All in all, the show overran by some two and a half hours. And it was a measure of the day's 'success' that most people couldn't wait to get out of the stadium and run straight into the attendant queue of cars. Somehow, sitting in a traffic jam seemed so inviting after what can only be described as a shambolic nine hour mess. If there is to be another Monmore Festival (and at the time of writing the names of Slade and Saxon are being bandied about to headline a repeat in June) then next time let's hope the organisers actually get it together PROPERLY.

METAL
Mama



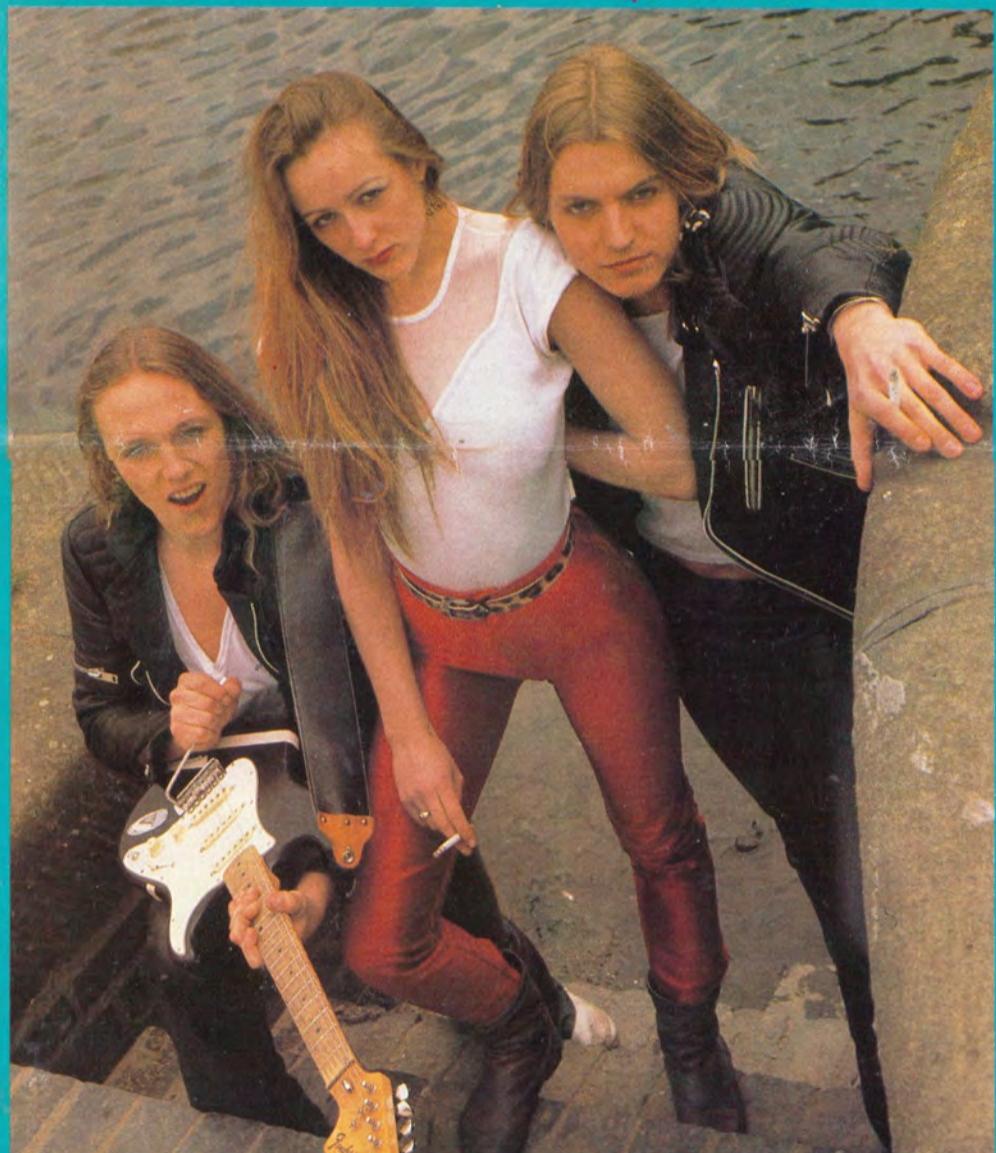
CROSS

The fantasy feeling unmasks.
Imagine....a pack of Wagnerian
wolfhounds lashing your body with
operatically blood-curdling metal
chains.

Imagine....a Germanic dominatrix,
dressed in figure-bulging spandex
'n' leather, her shrill voice riding
the wind as she whips blood from
your naked ears.

Imagine....**CROSS** — the next big
heavy metal assassination squad to
thunder out of Europe.

PHEW!



An introduction worthy of the latest episode in a long-running bondage mag saga? Not on your life, maniacs. Cross are for REAL. Formed in Bonn during 1976, this lot were originally a trio, boasting Giselher Nitz on bass/vocals, Ricolf Cross (guitar) and Frank Zoellner (drums). For the first few years of their existence, this band toured around their native badlands, gigging at clubs and sporthalls — and getting nowhere faster than most!

However, Cross had one thing most definitely in their favour — a vision of stunning womanhood, as Nitz explained. "We felt that having a girl singer with the right looks would help us enormously." And after a solid year of searching for their 'ideal wonder-woman', they happened across Eveline Eckert. A voluptuous valkyrie with curves in places where most girls are happy to have places, Eveline was singing the blues ("rather like Louis Armstrong", recalled guitarist Cross) in a Bonn nightclub where Aryan musos regularly gathered for impromptu jam sessions. And, according to Eveline, "the band saw me and liked what I looked and sounded like."

At this time, the slinkily sensual sextet was totally without professional rock 'n' roll experience. "I used just to sing when I was vacuum cleaning or in a duet with friends — messing around basically." Fortunately, though, she accepted the Cross offer to join up. That was in 1980, since when events have catapulted the band from obscurity right into the shop window as one of the Continent's hottest risers.

Musically it doesn't take long to realise exactly why this lot have become such big news. Their sound, as shown on a six-number demo recorded at the legendary Dieter Dierks Studios in Cologne (with the Scorpions producer himself at the helm) is... unique, there's no other word for it. "In England you'd probably call it just heavy metal," remarked Eveline. "It's fast with lots of bangs. But we'd rather it be called hard rock — more related to Gillan than Motorhead. We simply want to be known as both elegant and sexy in our sound." A laudable ambition and one amply fulfilled on the

forementioned table-smashin' tape. Influences from Purple to Hendrix and Free to Rainbow (with occasional hints of Wagner and Richard Strauss) combine to produce a LOUD, energetic fusion of overblown operatics in the best traditions of heavy rock — with axeman Cross instrumentally outstanding as he "plays his guitar not with a plectrum but a Marshall cabinet" (to quote band mentor Andy Goodwin).

However, the real revelation is Ms Eckert's VOICE.

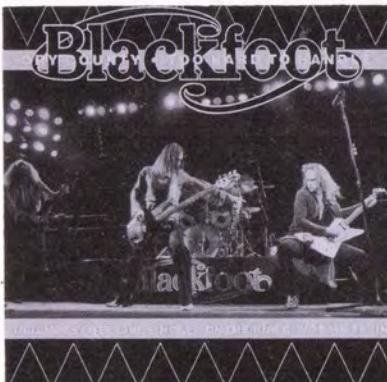
She sounds as she looks — a flaunting, flirtin' fraulein with a jean-stretching sexuality in her every utterance, an irresistible cross (groan-ed) between Janis Joplin, Jeanette Chase and Marlene Dietrich! To say this lithesome lady ravages the senses is akin to suggesting that Custer finished a close second at Little Big Horn — it is a totally nonsensical UNDERSTATEMENT.

But if the Cross sound is difficult to tie down, then their song story-lines are certainly rather more conventional. 'Vicious Vocations', for example, wins the Metal Mania Bad Taste Award Of The Month with its tale of, according to the evangelical Eveline (patron saint of gross-out indecency?) "a naughty woman who tortures the boys who wanna sleep with her." It's the sort of subject-matter that ensures that whilst this mega-explosive mob will never gain popularity with Germaine Greer or any other ardent feminists, it will appeal greatly to yer average, British headbanger. And Cross believe they've a definite future over here. "We feel really at home in England," revealed Eveline. "It's so good to see people walking around in denim and leather, so into the sort of music we've always enjoyed playing. Everyone in the UK whose heard our tape has got very enthusiastic about it and the record companies seem to have a FEELING for our-and-out metal bands. In Germany it's so different. They are only interested in new wave groups who sing in German. Record labels there have told us often that they'd sign us up if we'd go futurist and follow the fashion. But we don't care about trends. Those sort of bands have one hit, then disappear. Our music is not to be compromised and we'll fight hard to get our type of sound through to the public."

To this end, Cross have recently upped roots and moved lock, stock and amplifiers to Blightey, where the reaction from both the music industry and the public has been very encouraging. Not surprising when you consider that Eveline is a full-frontal, steel-studded titillating temptress capable of reducing normally impassive males to quivering slaves with her gyrating poses on-stage.

So, will Cross become the first German HM outfit to break big on the international scene since the Scorpions? Have no doubts about it! In HM terms, nothin' succeeds like over-revved mega (s)excess and Cross have that commodity in abundance!

MOLTEN METAL



'DRY COUNTY' — BLACKFOOT (Atco)

"Yeah, I go for that. And what a good package — what with a free live single and a gatefold sleeve."

'TOO MANY YEARS' — WRABIT (MCA)

"This comes across a bit like Joe Walsh's 'Life's Been Good', with vocal harmonies rather akin to Styx. Very American/Canadian but I'm a sucker for this type of music."

'DON'T CALL IT LOVE' — GIRLSCHOOL (Bronze)

"They're a very talented band, aren't they? Don't be surprised if Girlschool go far. Hearing this is enough reason to suppose they've got what it takes."

GUITARIST BERNIE MARSDEN EXTRACTS HIS METAL FAVES



'ARRIVE ALIVE' — PALLAS (Granite Wax)

"Hmmm... interesting. It's certainly a little different to your average headbanging record. It could have done with a touch more sparkle, but that's what comes of having a self-financed single out!"



'WE'RE ILLEGAL' — DOKKEN (Carrere)

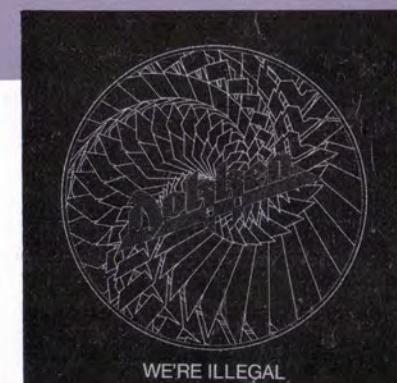
"Strong stuff! Sounds rather like Saxon, which is no bad thing. The drum sound is a bit on the naff side, but that's more than compensated for by some tremendous guitar work."

'STORMTROOPER' — TANK (Kamafage)

"This could have been so much better. It started off quite well, but then went nowhere. I'm just a bit afraid that bands like this one and Raven are going to bring the 'riff' back into fashion at the expense of strong songs."

'BACK INTO MY LIFE' — UFO (Chrysalis)

"I'd never have known this was UFO, unless I was told. They certainly do seem to have an identity problem. This number sounds to me like a 'let's make a Bob Seger record for American success' type of thing. This is well done, for all of the above, but it's not what UFO should be doing."



HAMMERHEAD



'URGENT' — FOREIGNER (Atlantic)

"Simply superb! Whenever I hear this one, I have this vision of Junior Walker standing there playing the death out of his sax. Done the right way, 'Urgent' proves that saxophones can work in rock 'n' roll."

'VOICE ON THE RADIO' — CONDUCTOR (RCA)

"Hey, their female vocalist (Judy Comdon) sounds a bit like Sheena (Easton). This isn't a bad little song, but rather tame and uninspired. Not one for me."

'ON THE REBOUND' — URIAH HEEP (Bronze)

"Not one of Russ Ballard's best numbers. Still, the man doesn't write bad ones and this is a good cover of a good number. Pete Goalby's voice is an especially strong selling point."

'TIME WILL TELL' — HAMMERHEAD (Linden Sounds)

"NO — not even competent! I hate to be so down about any band but that's this is just plain awful — obvious, predictable, forgettable. Sorry, lads."

IRON filings

Ever considered what being a music fan really involves? Probably not, you're probably quite happy rushing out for the new Motorhead/Gillan/Girlschool album or queueing for tickets on all the big tours. But what about those of your brethren who carry things that much farther?

The worlds of disco/soul and reggae were the first to take on some form of obscurantism as a form of fandom, to the extent that you're nobody these days unless you've got the 12 inch import club remix instead of the standard UK seven inch release. This dates back to the Wigan days and before, where obscure US singles changed hands for vast amounts of money. HM/HR doesn't seem to have gone as far as the point where desirability seems to be measured totally against how obscure the record is, and it's only to be hoped that this form of one-upmanship never takes hold.

The standard HM fan tends to be a stolid character who likes a good pint and a good HM band but isn't often adventurous in his choice. Favourite bands tend to be British or else very well known; it's only the most adventurous of HM fans that pick up unsigned and/or unknown bands. However, you may pick up on an unsigned band simply by chance at a local club and are prepared to check 'em out further — and that's where fandom becomes a little more specific and intense.



Looking up to a band you admire is all very well and they may sign autographs and chat to you like a mate, but they're chatting to 50,000 other fans like mates too. Find a new local band and you may be one of 10, 50 or a 100 — much better odds if you really want to identify with the band! And that's the peak of HM fandom — you see people that you really know up there on stage in the spotlight and draw enthusiasm from that as much as from the music.

And then there are the HR fans, which is where the music itself really does become the central focus. Quite simply there aren't many great HR bands in Britain and Europe, they're all American and Canadian and you're not going to chance on them down the local on a Saturday night!

Naturally enough then, it's damn difficult to pick up on an unsigned HR band — when you've managed that, you're really doing pretty well in the discovery stakes. However, record deals aren't as elusive in North America as they are here for rock bands, and although UK releases may not be very frequent suppliers like Flyover, HMV and Bullet can and do provide the goodies. And this is where fandom can turn into one-upmanship: "Have you got the new Bruzer album? I have. Have you got the Balance album? I've had it since last year." Get the picture? Mind you, there is another side to things; some of the more fervent fans really are fans of the music and just want to spread it around, with the result that you may find someone prepared to tape or loan

albums just to give you a chance to get into them too, and these are the people who are probably the most obscurely orientated and yet the most open in spreading the word about the bands you'd never get to hear otherwise... but might love if you did.

Taken to extremes unsigned bands may get in on the act too; penfriends or fans on holiday may pick up on a band and come home raving about them. Nine times out of ten it all comes to nothing, but were you the first on your block to know about Motley Crue and spread the word down the street? Not that Motley Crue are either good or bad, but you get the point I'm sure. (Get on with it, Sinza — Ed.).

So what's the point of all this. It's a plea to spread the word, that's all. If you're a fan of good

HM don't close your ears to bands you've never heard of, check 'em out and you may get a fine surprise. And there's nothing like the buzz you can get seeing a band you've known since they started out finally headlining their own major tour. And if HR's your particular idea of heaven don't keep it to yourself in a continual search for something that nobody else has got, spread it around and give your friends — and the band — a chance. After all if they like it the word will spread, it may reach a record company and may lead to the album getting released, which could in turn lead to a tour and possibly even success for the band. Wouldn't it be nice to know that you had been responsible for that?

SINZA

BUDGIE'S BURKE SHELLEY

'I' — LED ZEPPELIN (Atlantic)
"The finest rock band ever to exist."

'MOTHERS FINEST' — MOTHERS FINEST (Epic)
"This happens to be one of the best things out of America. Unfortunately, they've yet to make it here."

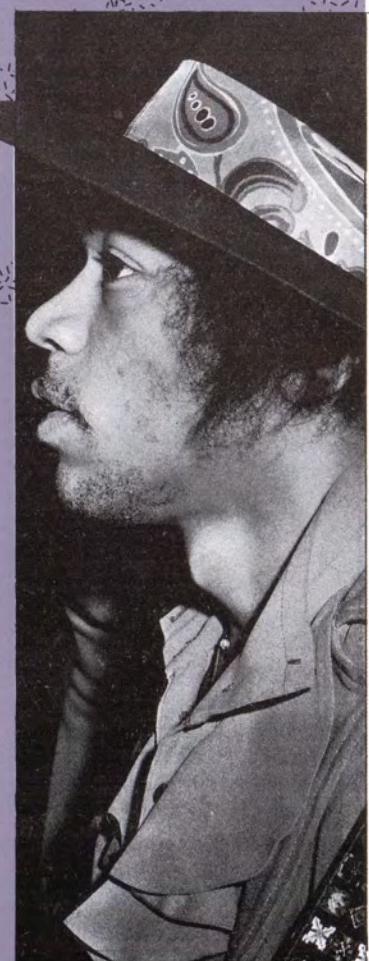
'IN ROCK' — DEEP PURPLE (Harvest)
"Contains some of the all-time classic heavy rock numbers. Who can forget 'Smoke On The Water', for instance."

'MEDUSA' — TRAPEZE (Aura)
"This album has a fine sound and Trapeze themselves were a fine band. It's such a pity they never really got the recognition they deserved."

'FIRE & WATER' — FREE (Island)
"Probably Paul Kossoff's finest ever work."

MILESTONES IN METAL

- 'BEATLES FOR SALE' — BEATLES (Parlophone)**
"I've loved this one ever since my parents played it to me."
- 'HARD ROAD' — JOHN MAYALL (Decca)**
"I always get a real feeling in my gut whenever I hear something like this from Mayall and his band."
- 'DIXIE CHICKEN' — LITTLE FEAT (Arista)**
"Probably one of the best-produced albums in my collection."
- 'ARE YOU EXPERIENCED' — JIMI HENDRIX (Polydor)**
"I've got this in my top 10 simply because it always brings back such great memories of seeing him live in concert."
- 'MOTORVATIN' — CHUCK BERRY (Pye)**
"What can I say? This collection proves you don't NEED a 36 channel mixer to get a great sound."



CHEETAH

PICTURE 'EM ON YOU. TV



'EM ON OUR TURN TABLE

Cheetah – making their U.K. TV debut,
singing their latest single 'Spend The Night'.
BBC 1. Saturday July 3rd.

Seeing is believing!

Cheetah – if you like what you see,
get the brand new picture disc
version of 'Spend The Night'. Out now!
Also available on black vinyl in picture bag.

Epic